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A Quaker Sermon.

It was the first meeting.
And the group of folk
sat huddled by the hearth of the Quaker
No sound the silence broke.

Unit, in her place on the woman's side,
With a sweet and tender face
That bore the pure and peaceful sign
Of the inward spirit's grace.

A white-haired woman rose with the word
That was laid on her heart to say—
The word that the gathered people
Were waiting that sunny day.

"Sister Tabitha all to please
My best china tea-pot broke;
But I kept my soul in patience,
Nor a word of anger spoke."

That was all; and down with the sunshine
The silence again fell sweet,
Till the elder people gave the sign
That the service was complete.

Do you say that the hour was wasted?
That the sermon was trivial, vain,
Fruitless, devoid of logic,
Unfurnished by one eloquent strain?

No, no; for that gospel is sweetest
That is won through life's fret and its pain,
That softens the jar of its friction,
And lightens the stress of its strain.

And the love that is over the erring,
The peace unthought of surprise,
The quiet that keeps its sweet patience,
Are dear to the Master's eyes.

While many a rhetorician
Might learn from this homely brief
A truth that the world people
Would had as a dead relief.

That the lesson is most enduring
Close to life's practical lines,
And not the length, but the fitness
The heart of the hearer inclines.

And we all in our plain home duties
Find the thought in this first-day word,
That the least of our trials and triumphs
Has a worth in the sight of our Lord.

The Doctor's Wife.

Mrs. Wintingham's drawing room
was a bright and comfortable place,
with its handsome carpets and gilded
tables, and deep, couch like sofa,
covered with crimson satin, and the mossy
rug in front of the fire, into which
your feet sank as if it had been strewn
with new and freshly gathered rose-
buds. And the fire glimmered in the
polished grate and the wax candles
browned through their ground glass
shade; and you might have fancied
the apartment expressly created for
sweet words and honeyed flirtations,
and reading from the poets, and the
various other pleasant occupations
which are supposed to belong to high
life. But not for frowns and low-
ering looks, such as now disturbed the
serenity of Mrs. Wintingham's
artistically enamelled countenance, as
she stood there in a rustling chameleon
colored silk dress, with red cushions
slung from her arms, while Josephine
Moore stood pale and trembling before her.

"Such forwardness I never saw,"
said Mrs. Wintingham. "No, never!
And I wish you to understand that it
isn't going to be tolerated in decent
society—yes, a common nursery gover-
ness, whom Mr. Wintingham is good
enough to employ—to sit the whole
of the evening and flirt with
young Dr. Aymer!"

"I did not flirt," pleaded poor Josephine.
"He was only asking me about the ar-
rangements of Mendelssohn's music,
which—"

"Oh, very likely," uttered Mrs.
Wintingham, sarcastically. "He's
very much interested in music, I've
no doubt. And when you know perfectly
well that Octavia expected him to be
talking all the time to her. Well,
really, I don't know what this world
is coming to! One thing I wish you
to understand—that you are dismissed
from my employment from this very
moment. You will find your wages
on the mantel piece, for I don't
grudge you the quarter's money,
though you do leave in this irregular
manner. Of course, you won't expect
a character, for I can't conscientiously
give you one."

Josephine turned very red, and
then pale. She did not speak a word
of remonstrance, however, but slowly
turned round, went up to her own
room, put on her bonnet and shawl,
packed her slender belongings into a
small trunk, and left the house.

Half an hour later, Mrs. Wintingham
rushed through the well-warmed
rooms, espied the money lying un-
touched on the marble mantel where
herself had placed it.

"Dear me!" quoth the stately dame,
"the governess has forgotten her wages.
Well, I shan't take the trouble
to send them after her!"

Josephine went home to the poor and
neat apartments where her aunt took
in embroidery to do for a fashionable
shop, and told her simple tale. Aunt
Mary's eyes, already reddened with
night work and much application,
were quick to overflow in her niece's
behalf.

"It's a burning shame," said the
poor woman, "that such people should
have it in their power to tyrannize over
others. But never mind, Josephine;
you shall be welcome to a home here until
you find another situation."

"I know I should, Aunt Mary,"
said the young lady, "but what makes
you speak so harshly, child?" questioned the elder lady.

"My throat is a little sore, aunt; I
think I have caught a cold."

"You had better let me make you
a cup of hot tea, and to bed at once."

"Nonsense, aunt!" cried Josephine,
cheerily. "I'm going to help you finish
this first."

But the next morning Josephine waked
up hot and flushed and feverish, with
a racking pain over her temples, and
quite unable to rise; and before evening
she was delirious.

"Bob," said Aunt Mary, as she came
out of her niece's bedroom with a
troubled face, and went down into the
passage, where the landlady's red-
headed son was playing marbles, "I
want you to go to Dr. Caffery's and
ask him to come here as quick as

possible. Don't delay a moment.

Bob, for it may be a matter of life and
death."

"Yes," said Bob, solidly, and away
he went.

"Is the doctor in?" demanded Bob
of the assistant in Dr. Caffery's.

"No, he ain't," said the Ganymede
of medicine.

"When'll he be in?"

"Don't know," was the listless re-
ply.

Bob wasted no more time in useless
inquiry, but set off after some other
doctor.

"If it's really a matter of life and
death," thought sensible Bob, "it don't
make any difference what doctor they
have."

So it happened that young Dr. Aymer,
who had just returned home from
visiting a patient, found himself con-
fronted by a small redheaded boy.

"Please to come directly sir, to No.
10, Duke's Court," cried out Master
Bob, exaggerating somewhat on his
literal orders. "It's a case of life and
death!"

Mrs. Wintingham had sent Josephine
Moore away, in order that she
might be effectually out of Dr. Aymer's
path; but fate and Mrs. Wintingham
were marshall on opposite
sides this time, and that rising young
physician walked into Josephine's room
quite unconscious whom he was to be-
hold.

George Aymer started a little when
he looked into the dark brown eyes;
but Josephine smiled in his face.

"It wasn't my fault," she cried, in-
nocently. "I never dreamed of offend-
ing Mrs. Wintingham, but it was
wrong, very wrong of her to turn me
out of doors."

"You see she is delirious," exclaim-
ed Aunt Mary.

"Yes," said Dr. Aymer in a faltering
voice, "I see."

So while Miss Octavia Wintingham
languished in the handsome drawing
room, dressed in silk attire, watching
the gilded hands of the clock, and
wondering why the expected did not
come, Dr. Aymer was sitting by Josephine
Moore's bedside, counting the
rapid pulsation of her slender wrist, and
thinking that he had never seen any-
thing so beautiful as her pure oval face
and lovely blue eyes.

"So you think I am really cured,
doctor?" said the fair convalescent.

Josephine was sitting up in Aunt
Mary's easiest chair, dressed in a loose
wrapper, with her brown hair netted
back from her face.

"Yes," said the handsome young
physician, "as we say of our hospital-
cases, I think I may mark you down
as 'discharged cured.' I do not think
it is necessary for me to pay any more
visits here, unless—"

Josephine blushed deeply.

"I am afraid, doctor," she faltered,
glancing at Aunt Mary, who looked
equally distressed, "that I—that we
shall not be able to—to hand you
your fees just yet—"

"I was not thinking of my fees,"
observed Dr. Aymer.

"But we must think of it," said
Josephine.

"And you won't let me come any
more as a doctor?"

Josephine looked pained.

"If your means—"

"I interrupted the doctor," she inter-
rupted the doctor. "I see I shall
have to be more explicit. May I come
then, as your patient? As your future
husband? Will that do, Josephine?"

The soft pink flushes changed away
the paleness of the young girl's cheeks.
"Dr. Aymer?"

"Yes, Miss Josephine Moore?"

"Do you really—"

"I do really love you!" exclaimed
the young doctor, fervently.

"But Miss Octavia Wintingham—
what will she say?"

"What has Miss Octavia Wintingham
to do with it, I should like to
know? She is nothing to me, nor was
she ever anything more than the merest
acquaintance."

"Then," said Josephine, speaking very
low, "if that be the case, you may
come again. But, as for your fees—"

"As for my fees," interrupted the
doctor, gaily, "I will send the account
in to your husband after you are mar-
ried!"

But as no entry of the transaction
was ever made on the doctor's books,
we may presume that this was one of
the "bad debts."

And Mrs. Wintingham never called
on Dr. Aymer.

How Girls are Made Straight.

The Hindoo girls are graceful and
exquisitely lovely. From their earliest
childhood they are accustomed to carry
burdens on their heads. The water for
family use is always brought by the
girls in earthen jars, carefully poised in
this way. The exercise is said to
strengthen the muscles of the back,
while the chest is thrown forward. No
crooked backs are seen in Hindoostan.

Dr. H. Spry says that the exercise of
carrying small vessels of water on the
head might be advantageously intro-
duced into our boarding-schools and
private families, and that it might en-
tirely supersede the present machinery
of dumb-bells, back-boards, skipping
ropes, etc. The young ladies ought to
be taught to carry the jars as these Hin-
doo women do, without ever touching
it with their hands. The same prac-
tice of carrying water leads to precisely
the same results in the south of Spain
and the south of Italy as in India. A
Neapolitan female peasant will carry
on her head a vessel full of water to the
very brink, over a rough road, and not
spill a drop off; and the acquisition of
this art or knack gives her the same
erect and elastic gait.—Sci.

Checked blue, or red and white are
in favor in hosiery.

Religious.

The first and primary object of my
work is to show before the whole world
and to the whole church of Christ that,
even in these evil days, the living God
is willing to prove himself to the
living God, by being ever ready to
help, succor, comfort, and answer the
prayers of those who trust in him.—
George Muller.

People who do not believe in prayer
lose a wonderful rest and refuge. When
time and space, the wants, the bitter-
ness, or the duties of life, separate us
from those we love so far that our help
is useless to them, our voices silent, our
eyes blind; when we know that suffer-
ing, idleness, danger, death, may lie in
wait for them every hour, and no
strength or longing of ours can avail
to help them, where do they fly, what
hope or comfort do they have, who
cannot give their beloved into the
safe keeping of the Omnipotent God—
who cannot pour out their tortured and
anxious hearts to Him who heareth
and answereth prayer?—Hope Led-
ger.

Man's use and function is to be the
witness of the glory of God, and to ad-
vance that glory by his reasonable obedi-
ence and resultant happiness.

We treat God with irreverence by
banishing Him from our thoughts, not
by referring to His will on slight occa-
sions. He is not the finite authority
or intelligence which cannot be trou-
bled with small things. There is noth-
ing so small but that we may honor
God by asking His guidance of it, or
insult Him by taking it into our own
hands; and what is true of His divinity
is equally true of His revelation.

We use it most reverently when most
habitually; our insolence is in ever
acting without reference to it; our true
honoring of it is in its universal applica-
tion.

In general, pride is at the bottom of
all great mistakes. All the other pas-
sions do occasional good, but where
pride puts in a word everything goes
wrong, and what might be desirable to
do quietly and innocently is morally
dangerous to do proudly.—Bucklin.

Lord Bacon is reported to be the
author of the following eulogy of
the Prince of Calvary:

Perhaps, too, in this enlightened age,
as his mind expands, as he takes a
comprehensive view of this period of
progress, the pupil of Moses may ask
himself whether all the princes of the
house of David have done so much for
the Jews as that Prince who was cruci-
fied on Calvary. Had it not been for
him the Jews would have been com-
paratively unknown, or known only as
a high Oriental caste which had lost
its author. Has he not made the
history the most famous of the world?
Has he not vindicated their wrongs?
Has he not avenged the history of Ti-
tus and conquered the Caesars? What
success did they anticipate from their
Messiah? The wildest dreams of their
Rabins has been far exceeded. Has
not Jesus conquered Europe and
changed the name into Christendom?
All countries that refuse the Cross
wither, while the whole of the new
world is devoted to the Semitic prin-
ciple and its most glorious offspring, the
Jewish faith; and the time will come
when the vast communities of the
countless myriads of America and Aus-
tralia, looking upon Europe as Europe
now looks upon Greece, and wonder-
ing how so small a place could have
achieved such great deeds, will still
find music in the songs of Zion, and
will seek solace in the parables of Gal-
ilee.

Woman.

To err is feminine, to forgive impos-
sible.

The most discouraging fact about
women is woman herself.

Women do not disapprove their
rivals; they hate them.—[James Par-
ton.]

Of all the paths leading to a woman's
heart, pity is the straightest.—[Beau-
mont.]

The wife's native land is the country
where she loved.—[Bunyan.]

Women always give more than they
promise; men less.

A young woman who loves more
than she is loved, deserves to suffer.—
[Holme Lee.]

Men lose their hearts through their
eyes, women through their ears.

The only thing that reconciles me to
being a woman, is the fact that I won't
have to marry one.

A woman with fair opportunities
and without an absolute hump, may
marry whom she likes.—[Thackeray.]

I'm not denying that women are fool-
ish. A girl might make 'em to match
the men.—[George Eliot.]

There is a line in the affairs of men
which, taken at the foot, leads—
[Byron.]

We should choose for a wife only the
woman we would choose for a friend,
were she a man.—[Joubert.]

After all, it is the woman who gives
immortality to the painter, and not
the painter who immortalizes the
woman.—[Babington White.]

If men set their heels more often on
what is weak and worthless, I think
women might be better than they are;
God knows!—[Ouida.]

Next to the pleasure of sinning itself,
there is nothing women like better
than remembering their sins and talk-
ing about them.—[Alcane Housaye.]

Providence made a great mistake
when it put hearts into girls—hearts
all ready to love and to admire,
and to be grateful and happy
with a word, with a nothing.—[Miss
Thackeray.]

When I have seen fine eyes, a beau-
tiful complexion, grace and symmetry
in women, I have generally thought
them amazingly well-informed and
extremely philosophical.—[Sydney
Smith.]

To say why girls act so or so,
Or don't, 'told me presuming,
Methinks to mean and say no,
Comes nearest to women.—
[Lovel.]

Men are so fearful of wounding a
woman's vanity that they rarely re-
member she may by some possibility
possess a grain or two of common
sense.—[Miss Bradton.]

For it is an understood thing that
whatever character Caesar himself may
have, there must be no possibility of
suspicion with regard to Caesar's wife.

She somewhat to have known, albeit in vain,
One woman in this sorrowful, bad earth,
Whose very love can yet bequeath to pain
New faith to men.

But blame us women, not, some say too
light;
Some grieve grow deep, some woes are hard
to bear;
Who know the past and who can judge us
right?

For several virtues
I have liked several women; never any
With so much soul, but none in her.
Did I not with the noblest grace she owned,
And put it to a foil.

A woman may be loved for three
things: for her superior intellect—a
love serious but rare; for her beauty—a
love vulgar and brief; for the quali-
ties of her heart—a love lasting but
monotonous.

When women are the advisers, the
lords of creation don't take the advice
that they have persuaded themselves
that it is just what they had intended
to do; then they act upon it, and if it
succeeds they give the weaker vessel
half the credit of it; if it fails they
generally give her the whole.—[Louise
Alcott.]

Women, so sublime in their devotion,
are seldom capable of the continuous
firmness of mind—the imperturbability
requisite for a political plan. Their
passions are in their heart, their pas-
sions trench so closely on their reason.
Of all the virtues which a throne re-
quires, they have but courage; often
heroes, they are never statesmen.—
[Lantern.]

It is so strange! We see a million
faces, we hear a million voices, we
meet a million women with flowers in
their breasts, and light in their fair
eyes, and they do not touch us. Then
we see one, and she holds for us life or
death, and plays with them idly so
often—as idly as a child with toys. She
is not nobler, better, or more beautiful
than were all those we passed, and yet
the world is empty without her.

With one exception.—A Galveston
school teacher had a great deal of trou-
ble making a boy understand his les-
son. Finally, however, he succeeded,
and drawing a long breath, he re-
marked: "If it wasn't for me you
would be the biggest donkey on Gal-
veston Island."—[Galveston News.]

The bishop and the farmer: "Does
the conversation and carriage of your
new minister become the Gospel?"
asked a learned bishop of a simple-
minded farmer. "Well," was the re-
ply, "his conversation is very fluid,
and he don't keep a carriage.—The
Mysterious Mr. Anderson.

A father's wrath.—Toddlekins is a
very small man indeed, but he said he
never minded it at all until his three
boys grew up to be tall, strapping
young fellows, and his wife began to
cut down his old clothes, and cut them
over to fit him. And then he said he
did get mad.

Style.—A few days ago old Uncle
Mose was seen coming down Galves-
ton avenue dressed fit to kill, with
swallow-tail coat, white choker and old
brass watch. "Is you gwine to do a
christen?" asked an astonished ac-
quaintance. "No, sah. I've got a gwine to whitewash the back
fence of a man who is wuf more of a
bounty-house dollars in Houston city
thousand—so he told me himself."—[Gal-
veston News.]

Pills and shot.—A doctor being out
for a day's shooting took an errand boy
to carry the game bag. Entering a
field of turnips the dog pointed, and
the boy, overjoyed at the prospect of
his master's success, exclaimed: "Lor,
master, there's a covey; if you get near
'em won't you physic 'em?" "Physic
them, you young rascal; what do you
mean?" said the doctor. "Why,
kill 'em, to be sure," replied the lad.—
[Boston Transcript.]

Better one's house too little one day,
than too big all the year after.—[Prov-
erb.]

An act by which we make one friend
and one enemy is a losing game. For
revenge is a much stronger principle
than gratitude.—[Lacon.]

An Irishman fights before he reas-
ons; a Scotchman reasons before he

you can not think that the buckling
on of the knight's armor by his lady's
hand, was a mere caprice of romantic
fashion. It is the type of an eternal
truth—that the soul's armor is never
well set to the heart, unless a woman's
hand has blessed it; and it is only
when she has blessed it, loosely, that
the honor of manhood falls.—[Ruskin.]

Agooones without her, nor custom state
Her infinite variety of woman cloy
The appetites they feed; but she makes
hungry
What most she satisfies.

When women begin to feel young and
their beauty
Slip from them, they count it a sort of a duty
To let nothing else slip away unsecured.
Which, these, while they lasted, might once
have secured.

To have what's best of us denied,
The needs God gave us, disallowed,
Till death comes plucking to us
Our unkindness in the shroud.
This is to be a woman.—[Allen Carey.]

She who strives to take the van
In conflict on the common way,
Does outrage to the heavenly plan,
And outrages to the ether day.
That makes her beautiful to man,
—[Dr. Holland.]

I believe
That woman, in her deepest degradation,
Holds something sacred, something undeliled,
Some pledge and keystone of her higher
nature,
And, like the diamond in the dark, retains
Some quiescent gleam of the celestial light.
—[Longfellow.]

Clips.

A GUN OF THE SPANISH ARMADA.—
The other day an interesting relic
of stirring times was recovered from
the sea off the coast of Aberdeenshire.
This is no less than one of the guns of
the Spanish Armada, which has been
lying there three centuries in a creek
at Salina, a little south of Peterhead.
The St. Catharine was wrecked here
in her flight northward. Two guns were
fished out of the same pool in 1840, a
third in 1855, and two more guns and
an anchor in 1876. The present find
is reported to be the largest and most
complete of all. "The gun is of mal-
leable iron," writes a correspondent of
the Aberdeen Free Press, "is complete
in every respect, and not even corroded.
The extreme length of it is 8 feet, from
muzzle to the touch-hole 7 feet 3 inches,
and the diameter of the bore is 4 inches.
The ball and wadding, still there, take
up the space of 18 inches." The gun is
mounted on an embankment in the
neighborhood. The news of its recovery
has probably not stirred a single
pulse with the slightest wave of the
emotions that agitated the whole coun-
try at the time when the gun went to
the bottom.

A burglar recently arrested was asked
to tell what his business was. "I am a
house-cleaner," said he.—[N. Y. Ex-
press.]

The father of a British army officer
writes the London Standard as follows:
"I was walking with my son in the
main street of Halifax, Yorkshire, at
midday. He was in the uniform of his
regiment. We were confronted by an
operative, who addressed my son as
follows: 'You get out o' my way, you
blooming lobster; I pays for yer, and
have a better right to walk 'ere nor you
ave.' This, the writer adds, was very
simply outrageous, and the Govern-
ment ought to protect its officers from
such insults."

THE THISTLE OF SCOTLAND.—The
thistle is the national badge of Scot-
land. How it came to be so is here
told. Once during the invasion of
Scotland by the Danes, they arranged
to surprise the Scottish army. It was
not considered fair or warlike to attack
an enemy in the darkness of the night.
So they resolved to march barefooted,
and their tramp might not be heard.
Silently, slowly, but steadily they
drew nearer and nearer to the Scottish
host. A few minutes the surprise
would be complete. Suddenly a loud
cry of pain rang through the air, start-
ling both invader and invaded. The
Scots sprang to their feet, seized their
weapons, charged upon their foe, and
defeated them with great slaughter.
The cry that saved them came from
one of the Danish soldiers, who with
his bare foot had trod on a thistle.

It is when English girls are grow-
ing up, says the Spectator, when they
are developing from children into
women, that fashion necessitates their
being put into harness; that the opera-
tion of "finishing down" the figure by
stays begins; that the free action and
natural beauty of the young body is de-
stroyed; that instead of giving every
function a chance of free development,
the incessant, gradual pressure is used
of whalebone and steel where nature
has not even allowed the hardness of
any body structure to press. Of course,
nature's form can only be materially
altered where there are no bones to
resist, but the want of sense shown in
the desire to alter her form cannot be
too urgently denounced.

OPENING THE shutters of my apart-
ment on the ground floor of a hotel on
the Rue Caumartin, says an American
traveler, at an early hour one August
morning, I noticed a gentleman and
lady, with a boy, contiguous to a cart
in the street, the pavement of which
was as smooth as a marble table, and
about as clean. The young lady, who
was dressed in a nice figured calico and
had a broom in her hand, which she
plucked up in her daily business as
a street sweeper; the gentleman
whom she assisted with his shovel by
her side, and their boy drove the cart,
into which the sweepings were thrown.
It was one of the ordinary sights which
you may see in many parts of Paris
on a morning. In about an hour an
inspector on horseback rode through the
street to see that the work had been
properly done. And it was.

The tobacco and cranberry crops of
Wisconsin are larger than ever this

The Famous Whitebait.

The proper whitebait season is con-
sidered by the principal Thames fish-
ermen to begin when Parliament be-
gins, and end when Parliament ends.
This is the rule they have gone by for
many years past, or, to put it according
to the almanac, they begin with their
nets in February and go on to the mid-
dle of August. This year Parliament
has held its sittings so late that the
whitebait, not being able to wait so
long, have adjourned to the sea, thence
to return as sprats next November,
especially being careful to remember
that they are due at the Mansion House
on the 9th of November.

"Bait," as it is technically called,
varies much in size and quality accord-
ing to the season of the year. Thus, in
February and March, considerable
numbers of "jawslingers" are caught.
These are without doubt "jawling" fish-
es. In June and July the bait runs
very small, and "beads and eyes" ap-
pear in the nets. These are very mi-
nute, gelatinous little creatures, so
transparent that the bright, silver eye
is the most noticeable portion of them.
At various times of the year appear also
"Polwigs," i.

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FOR SUP'T. PUBLIC INSTRUCTION—J. C. Scarborough.

ELECTORS FOR THE STATE AT LARGE—Jas. Madison Leach and F. H. B. Buse.

ELECTION, TUESDAY NOV. 2.

FOR ELECTORS, 7TH DISTRICT—T. F. Klutz.

FOR CONGRESS, 7TH DISTRICT—R. F. Armfield.

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY TICKET.

FOR SENATE—W. B. Glenn.

FOR HOUSE OF COMMONS—B. S. Linville.

FOR SHERIFF—J. G. Hill.

FOR REGISTER OF DEEDS—D. P. Mast.

FOR CLERK OF SUPERIOR COURT—M. H. Morris.

FOR CORONER—H. R. Lehman.

Appointments.

A. H. Joyce and W. B. Glenn, Republican and Democratic candidates for the Senate, will address the people of Stokes and Forsyth at the following times and places:

STOKES COUNTY.

Wainut Cove, Monday, Oct. 11th.

Clemson, Tuesday, " 12th.

Dalton, Wednesday, " 13th.

J. T. Joyce's Store, Thursday, " 14th.

Lawsonville, Friday, " 15th.

Handy Ridge, Saturday, " 16th.

FORSYTH COUNTY.

Kernersville, Monday, " 18th.

Kernersville, Tuesday, " 19th.

Jos. Beeson's, Wednesday, " 20th.

Ben. Hampton's, Thursday, " 21st.

Bethania, Friday, " 22nd.

Alston Stewart's, Saturday, " 23rd.

GRAND MASS MEETING.

A grand rally of the friends of Hancock, Jarvis and Armfield will be held in Winston on Wednesday 27th, October. Distinguished speakers will be present. All are invited to attend. Let there be a big turn out.

Persons who have changed their residence since the last election must register again. No voter will be allowed to register or vote in any other precinct or township than the one in which he is an actual or bona fide resident on the day of the election.

Prominent Republicans in Washington City, no longer disguise the fact that they are convinced that Hancock will be elected President in November.

The Goldsboro Messenger, one of our best State exchanges, has entered upon its 17th volume.

HANCOCK—A very heavy increase of Democratic votes in Brooklyn, N. Y., will give Hancock 25,000 majority in that city.

In Newark, New Jersey, over 9000 Hancock men were recently in line, and 60,000 spectators lined the streets.

Recently at a Republican rally in Philadelphia, there was tremendous Hancock cheering.

And thus the Hancock ball is rolling on every where.

Exports—Nearly every week large quantities of wheat, corn, flour and other produce is shipped to Europe from New York.

A few days ago, a fleet of ten steamers and sailing ships were at Norfolk loading cotton in that harbor for the European market. Cotton is now coming at the rate of 3,000 bales per day.

The South Atlantic for October is before us. The table of contents is varied, and truly Southern in character. Short sketches of the old Southern Regime is true to nature. On the Ashley River, reads like a tale, and gives a brilliant description of Southern homes as they were and are. A fine poem by our former townsman, John H. Boner, is among the poetical attractions. Such names, as Paul H. Hayne, Mary Bayard Clarke, Daniel R. Goodloe, are a sufficient guarantee for excellence.

The Charlotte Observer says, it is estimated that 15,000 young democrats in North Carolina will cast their first ballot in November.

A great Democratic mass meeting is to be held at Salisbury on the 28th inst.

Executive Committee Address.

The Democratic executive committee has issued an admirable address to the Democratic party of North Carolina. It congratulates the party on the successful administration of the State government for the past four years and the splendid prospects of the party for the future, both State and national.

The address, after alluding to the economical administration of the State government, the system of retrenchment and reform successfully carried out by the Democratic party, the particulars of which were given in the Press in extracts from the speeches of Gov. Jarvis and others, concludes as follows:

"That we are able to carry our State election by a large majority is abundantly evidenced by the splendid victory of 1876. That was accomplished by an appreciation of the vast importance of the contest and the active canvass made. The same degree of activity now will accomplish like results. Let our people who like pure government work and all will be well. Let the work be done in clubs, and by the township executive committees, the grandest feature of our whole organization. It is the duty of the township committees to know the sentiment of every voter in their township; to supply him with the most reliable Democratic reading and information at their command, and to use all honorable means to induce him to aid the cause of civil liberty by voting the Democratic ticket. Let the township committees report regularly to the county committee the condition of their townships; and let the county committee report to this committee the condition of their counties. Let sub-committees be appointed in each voting precinct, who shall be charged with the duty of seeing that every qualified Democratic voter in the precinct is regularly registered and properly voted. Let a committee of intelligent and active Democrats be appointed for each voting precinct, charged with the duty of challenging any illegal vote offered to be cast. Let this work be effectively done, and our State is safe. We are now within five weeks of an election fraught with the most momentous issues ever presented to the American people. If we will work as men who love their country, we will make our victory not only certain but brilliant and enduring. Let every patriot subordinate everything else to the discharge of this first and highest duty to his country. For in protecting good government you are but making for yourselves and families peaceful and happy homes, and transmitting to your children's children the priceless heritage of liberty. Practice the patriot's motto—'eternal vigilance is the price of liberty'—and your country is safe.

The twelve Cherokee Indians from Western North Carolina, are now at Trinity College. They are small boys from 8 to 12 years of age.

The October elections are: Georgia, October 5th; South Carolina, October 12th; Ohio, October 12th; for minor State officers, Congressmen and a Legislature; Indiana, October 12th; for State officers, Congressmen and a Legislature; West Virginia, October 12th; for State officers and a Legislature; Connecticut, town elections, on October 4th.

For every Democrat who is purchased by a commission as gauger, and a promise of per diem of \$4, two old line Republicans forsake that party and come into our ranks. Let say that if those who have done the heat of the day cannot be appointed to these offices, but that they must be given bribes, Democratic turn-coats, they are done with the rotten party, and will hereafter try their luck with a Democratic administration. So the gauger's business seems to be a boomerang—Baldwin Observer.

November.

November brings no sectional war, No hate, no prosperous days to mar, No autocrat, no woe to the King, No subsidy, no swindling Ring, No stifling of the public voice, No plots against the people's choice, No fraudulent Returns to Boards, No rule of armed and lawless hordes, No theft of honest Freemen's votes, No fraud, with all the word denotes, No insolent Eight-tens job, No games, the public purse to rob, No cannon at the Congress aimed, No grabs or steals, however named, No centralizing despotism, No despotic heresy and schism, No petty tyrants, loud and coarse, No bayonets, no rule of force, No haughty, domineering few, No venal base, and selfish crew, No policy of false pretense, No small official insolence, No Indian wars, no Southern Claims, No mean and hypocritical aims, No tangled paths and crooked ways, No Schurz, no Sherman, and no Hayes, No bribes or loans or fees to pay, No trace of Credit Mobilier, No payment basis, no salary steals, No blocking of the nation's wheels, No move in wrong directions farther, No slippery Garfield, and no Arthur!

The Indian War.

St. Paul, October 1.—A special to the Press says: An Indian has arrived at Fort Elliot in full war paint, with a scalp hanging to his belt, bringing the news of bloody fighting between the Mandril, Stoney and the Salteaux Indians, south of there. The Mandril killed nine of the Salteaux, and the Salteaux killed nine of the Mandril. A band of Stoney Indians, following the Mandril and more fighting is expected. Another account says the village was attacked and made desperate resistance. Thirteen Mandril were killed. The whole border is in a blaze of excitement. The fleeing Mandril are making their way to American territory, from whence they came. It is thought the Stoney and Salteaux will pursue them to this side, and it is expected that the scene of war will be transferred to the United States.

The Constitutional Amendments.

Our friends should not lose sight of the important constitutional amendments which are to be submitted to the popular vote at the coming election. The first in importance relates to the payment of special tax bonds and other bonds of similar character passed by the carpet-bagger government. In effect it provides that no bonds not recognized in the funding act shall be paid or recognized by the Legislature unless the matter shall first be submitted to the people for an expression of their will in the premises.

This is a Democratic measure, and we hope it will command the support of the party. The other amendment, in brief, allows the Legislature to require that persons with ample fortune, who become inmates of the Insane Asylum or the Institution for the Deaf, Dumb and Blind, shall pay for their board and attention. It does not require that the Legislature make this requirement, but merely authorizes the Legislature to make the change if the representatives of the people shall hereafter deem that best.

These amendments ought to be discussed and explained on the stump, and we call attention to them, trusting that they will receive favorable comment. Raleigh News and Observer.

A CIRCULAR FROM HON. WM. M. ROBBINS.

To the Voters of the Seventh Congressional District:

You have heretofore conferred upon me the high honor of electing me, in the most flattering manner, as your Representative in Congress. I shall ever be grateful for this mark of your kindness and confidence. Will you pardon me, now, as I do not think it proper to venture a word of counsel to you and especially to those of you who so earnestly wished me returned this year to that high trust? I had intended to say these things more fully to you in person, and face to face in public speeches. But as the executive committee have pressed me into service to canvass other parts of the State most of the time between this and the election, I find I shall not be able to see you so generally as I had expected. I gave utterance to these same sentiments in my speech at the Yadkinville convention. But I desire for them a wider circulation in the district than they could have from that circumstance. These are my reasons for addressing you in this form.

It is reported that some of you are so displeased because I was not nominated for Congress as to talk of withholding your votes from my worthy and distinguished competitor, Hon. R. F. Armfield. Pardon me, my friends. Your devotion to me deeply touches my heart, yet pardon me for saying that I think duty to our cause now calls you and me to a better and nobler course than that. If I have deserved your confidence, it is because I love our principles more than my own promotion. In my judgment, the success of our party is essential to the safety and purity of our institutions and to the welfare of our country. This success requires that we elect not only the President but also a majority of Congress to sustain him and give effect to his policy.

I have no doubt of Col. Armfield's election; but I learn that our adversaries are indulging the pleasing hope that some of my special friends will prove so indifferent or unfriendly to his success as to enable his opponent to gain at least some partial advantage over him, or at any rate to so divide and distract our forces as to weaken our general ticket in the district, and permanently injure our party.

Now, my friends, I ask you to join me in disappointing these fond dreams of the enemy. Allow no apathy to cool your zeal, and cherish no feeling of personal spleen on my account. Our cause is far above mere individual interests and individual ambitions. Let us, then, be true to ourselves and secure the important honor and undying satisfaction of having done our duty. Let us go to the polls in November and vote the ticket—Hancock, Jarvis, Armfield, all—and in no grudging spirit. Let us elect them handsomely, triumphantly; yes, and mortifyingly to those who have falsely judged that we loved ourselves better than our country and liberty.

It seemed to me that it might not be unbecoming nor without utility under the circumstances, thus to declare in brief the course I intend to pursue, and in this manner to point you, my friends, to what I conceive is the plain, path of duty, and lead the way. In doing so I am aiming only at what is right and manly, as it is given me to see it; and I trust that neither now nor ever shall any of you have cause to blush for having been the friends of

Your humble servant,

WM. M. ROBBINS.

Statesville, Sept. 29, 1880.

CARD FROM HON. R. F. ARMFIELD.

Fellow-Citizens of the Seventh Congressional District of North Carolina:

So far as I am informed, no change has been brought against my personal or political integrity; and my opponents have not been able to complain of anything I have done or omitted to do while I have been your servant in Congress. Yet I have received information that a base attempt is being made in the counties of Iredell, Davidson and Rowan, and I do not think it will be carried by the unscrupulous men engaged in it to every part of the district, to prejudice one of the largest and most respectable religious denominations against me, by alleging and industriously circulating that I have spoken disrespectfully of it. I denounce this as a base fabrication and slander. To give color to their groundless charge, on some occasion years ago, now forgotten by me, I said in private conversation that the Methodist Church was together, and used a rough metaphor, and of its use sometimes, to illustrate the fact, and they allege that by this I intended to slur the Methodist Church. Such a charge is as base and as false as its authors and circulators, and all who know the truth that I am incapable of any such thing.

Very many of my warmest friends and most constant supporters are Methodists. I was brought up in the Methodist Church. My father

and my mother lived and died honored and consistent members of that Church. Can you believe that I am capable of wantonly wounding my best friends and casting a slur upon the memory of my parents? But the malice of a dying party, struggling in vain to hold its grasp on power and place, stoops to anything and hesitates at nothing. My opponent, Judge Furches, obeying the dictates and carrying out the unmanly policy of his party, declines to meet me before the people in a joint canvass, and persistent efforts are constantly made to prevent Republicans from going to hear Democratic speakers, so I cannot answer this charge to the Republicans from the stump, and I do not think the vile slander will be privately whispered into the ear of hundreds of Democrats who I shall not meet before the election. I therefore denounce it through the newspapers, and I respectfully ask every newspaper in the district that believes in fair dealing and abhor private slander to publish this refutation of a baseless calumny.

Respectfully,

R. F. ARMFIELD.

KING'S MOUNTAIN.

Programme of the Four Days Celebration.

Col. A. Coward, president of the King's Mountain centennial association, publishes the following as the programme adopted by the association for the celebration of the One Hundredth Anniversary of the battle of the King's Mountain, on the 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th of October, 1880:

REUNION DAY—OCTOBER 5th.

Salvos of Artillery, and Assembly at the Grand Stand, at 11.30 o'clock a. m.

Reunion of the States.

Prayer by Rev. Ellison Capers.

Addresses by the Representatives of South Carolina, North Carolina, Virginia and Tennessee, in the order named.

BATTLE DAY—OCTOBER 6th.

Illustration of the plan of the battle, beginning at 12 o'clock m.

The troops participating will repair to the points designated, at 11.30 a. m.

CENTENARY DAY—OCTOBER 7th.

National salute at sunrise.

Review of all Troops at 10 a. m.

Procession to Grand Stand at 11.30.

Prayer by Rev. William Martin.

Singing of the Lyric, written for the occasion by Mrs. Clara Dargan McLean, of Yorkville, S. C.

Reading of the Ode, written for the occasion by Paul H. Hayne, of Augusta, Ga.

Oration of Hon. John W. Daniel, of Lynchburg, Virginia.

Procession to the Monument.

Unveiling Monument, with appropriate ceremonies.

Dress Parade at 5 p. m.

MILITARY DAY—OCTOBER 8th.

Prize Drill beginning at 10 a. m.

Award of Centennial Medal to successful Company.

IMPORTS AND EXPORTS—THE SPECIFIC MOVEMENT.—The official treasury statement of the imports and exports for the twelve months ended August 31st, 1880, shows an excess of exports of merchandise amounting to \$167,096,377 in value, the total values for the year being foreign and domestic exports \$864,249,276, imports \$697,152,899. The excess of exports for the same twelve months in 1879 was \$205,653,525. The specific movement for twelve months ended August 31st, 1880, shows domestic and foreign exports \$15,420,809, imports \$94,880,240, excess of imports over exports, \$79,459,431. The excess of imports of coin and bullion in the same period of 1879 was only \$955,431. The excess of exports over imports in the total of merchandise, coin and bullion for the twelve months of 1880 is \$89,636,946, against 255,998,094 in 1879. The total exports for the twelve months in 1880 amounted to \$878,670,085, an increase of 141,218,199, while the imports amount to \$792,033,139, an increase of \$309,579,547. Total increase of foreign trade for the twelve months ended August 31, 1880, as compared with same period of 1879, \$450,797,546. This increase, with the large import movement of specie, is very favorable. It shows the world must buy from us in increasing amounts, and although we have increased our imports of merchandise nearly 50 per cent, they must increase their shipments to us of specie to the amount of nearly \$80,000,000 in order to balance accounts.

At the North they say that the Republicans are making a still hunt in North Carolina and Florida, and that they expect to carry these States; and also that they expect to gain at the South enough members of Congress to give them a majority in the House of Representatives. Among the Congressional districts they hope to carry are the first, second and third in this State. Whether they will succeed or not depends on our own people. If the Democrats will only organize and make their arrangements to bring the voters to the polls, their will be no trouble in our defeating these Radical calculations; but if the local committees remain inert, and have no care for the matters committed to them, there may be breakers ahead.—News and Observer.

There are in the United States, as nearly as can be estimated, of Sunday school teachers, 886,325, and of scholars, 5,523,124. In the British dominions, not including India, 547,557 teachers and 5,067,102 scholars. In Europe, 20,000 teachers and 100,000 scholars. In South America, 8,000 teachers and 152,000 scholars. In the remaining countries, 2,000 teachers and 100,000 scholars. This gives a total of 1,460,381 teachers and 12,340,816 scholars—nearly fourteen millions of persons enlisted in the Sabbath school.

Remember that 'Kendall's Spavin Cure' will do all they claim for it. Try a bottle. Read the Advertisement.

STATE ITEMS.

—Josiah D. Cowles, was found dead in his bed, in Wilkesboro, on the morning of September 19th. It is supposed he died from an overdose of chloral. He was in the 27th year of his age.—Lenoir Topic.

—The following extract from a letter written by G. W. Brooks, judge of the Federal Court for the Eastern district of North Carolina, dated Elizabeth City, Sept. 27th, to a professional gentleman in this city conveys some startling news:

"This whole Albemarle country is but one vast hospital but without the sanitary arrangements, physicians and nurses, found in well regulated institutions for the sick. I have never known fever, ague and fever, intermittent—so violent as to almost kill a person—so universal with only three children. Last week Judge Schenck opened the Superior Court here, and became sick. The bar represented him in writing that he was scarcely possible to try a case in Perquimans or Chowan counties and requested him to announce that no court would be held in these counties. This was done and he left for the mountains."

—A number of Northern settlers in Virginia, numbering two or three hundred, bailing from almost every Northern State, have issued an address "to the free and independent voters of the North" in defence of the South. They set forth the true condition of the South, and give the lie to false and false reports that are being industriously circulated by unscrupulous and wicked men. It ought to be read and believed.

Bogus Certificates. It is no vile drugged stuff, pretending to be made of wonderful foreign roots, barks, &c., and puffed up by long bogus certificates of pretended miraculous cures, but a simple, pure, effective medicine, made of well known valuable remedies, that furnishes its own certificates by its cures. We refer to Hop Bitters, the purest and best of medicines.—Exchange. See another column.

—Two grammarians were wrangling the other day, one contending that it was only proper to say, "My wages is high," while the other noisily insisted that the correct thing was, "My wages are high." Finally they stopped a day-laborer, and submitted the question to him. "Which do you say, 'Your wages is high,' or 'Your wages are high'?" "Oh, old widder nonsense," he said, resuming his pick, "yer nather or y' right; me wages is low, bad luck to it."

—On the 23d ult., the people of Memphis, Tenn., made merry over the absence of yellow fever, and over their general good health and prosperity. A Memphis dispatch of same date says: The city gaily decorated with flags and crowded with visitors, who have come at the invitation of the merchants to join in celebrating the continued good health of Memphis. The scenes on the streets recall Mardi Gras occasion. The procession, which moved at 11 o'clock, was over three miles long, and composed of representatives of every branch of business and trade. Two large arches had been built, one of which is entirely of cotton bales. Transparencies greet the eyes of strangers at almost every crossing, most conspicuous being at the Asa-Lanthe office, which reads: "Solid South: Solid for Cotton, Corn, Trade and Manufactures."

Set Back 42 years. "I was troubled for many years with Kidney Complaint, Gravel, &c.; my blood became thin; I was dull and inactive; could hardly crawl about, was a worn out man all the time; could get nothing to help me, until I got Hop Bitters, and now I am a boy again. My blood and kidneys are all right, and I am as active as a man of 30, although I am 82, and I have no doubt it will do as well for others of my age. It is worth a trial.—(Father.)"

MUTTON THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEAT.—The cheapest meat for the farmer is mutton. It may safely be said to cost nothing, as the fleece from a sheep of good breed will amply pay for its keeping. Then, for additional profit, there is a lamb or two, the pelt of the animal if killed at home, the excellent manure from its droppings and the readiness of the pasture from weeds, to which sheep are destructive foes. With the exception of poultry, mutton is also the most convenient meat for the farmer. A sheep is easily killed and dressed by a single hand in an hour; and, in the warmest weather, it can be readily disposed of before it spoils. Science and experience both declare it the healthiest kind of meat, and a foolish prejudice alone prefers pork, which, whether fresh or salt, is the unhealthiest of all.

A SIXTY DAY'S FAST.—One Mac Prow, living just north of this city, some two months ago became possessed of the idea that he had a cancer in his stomach and could not eat. He refused all food, and could not be persuaded to take any medicine except some sweetened water occasionally, and once one teaspoonful of ice cream. He thus lived sixty-three days, and died. An autopsy made found that his stomach, bowels, liver, lungs, heart, &c., were perfectly sound and healthy, and that his whole trouble was in his brain. He was formerly a carpenter in the employ of the Detroit, Grand Haven and Milwaukee Railroad.—Grand Rapids (Mich.) Special.

A remarkable execution is to take place in Atlanta, Ga., next month. The victim is a colored boy, only eleven years old, who brutally killed a three-year-old child some time ago. Notwithstanding his youth the crime was so heinous in conception and so utterly unprovoked that the jury could find no extenuating circumstances in the case.

Don't drive a lame horse when you can get Kendall's Spavin Cure for \$1.00, it is worth \$5. Read their Advertisement.

—It is estimated that 20,000 people in Kansas are destitute of food in consequence of the failure of their crops for two seasons in succession, while thousands of them are without clothing. Kansas is one of the States that Northern Radicals persuaded Southern negroes to emigrate to.

—The epilepsy which visited us some years ago, coming from the North, it is said, has again made its appearance in New York, disabling many horses in that city.

—It is reported that Judge Swayne, of the U. S. Supreme Court, will retire at the close of the present session of the court.

—A Virginia white girl aged 12 years, is the mother of a healthy babe.

MOSQUITOES.

Penny Royal Camphor, Quassa Water, and all other Nostrums fail to give relief from attacks of Mosquitoes, and nothing but a MOSQUITO CANOPY will insure exemption. It is cheap and will last for years as a complete protection against Mosquitoes or Flies, allowing all the air you want. A new supply of NOTHING just received by H. W. FRIEDS. Salem, N. C., August 30, 1880.

I. W. DURHAM,

PRACTICAL

Marble-Worker

AND DEALER IN

MONUMENTS

AND

TOMBSTONES.

WINSTON, N. C.

Write for Price List and Designs.

March 21—26—12—1 year.

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L. V. & E. T. BLUM.

Salem, N. C., April, 1880.

We publish

AGRICULTURAL.

A Michigan farmer says that Clawson wheat has been undergoing a change in that state. With the lapse of time, it has become acclimated, and improved in color and weight and the kernel has hardened. It now ranks No. 1 for milling and shipping.

The Bohemian hullers also have not given satisfaction in Media county, Ohio, where they were tried this season by a number of farmers, who paid ten dollars a bushel for the seed. The yield was insignificant. The season was not as good as usual.

In curing tobacco, it should dry slowly, and yet not pole turn. Very much depends on the weather. Rapid drying tends to produce light colors, which, usually, are not desirable.

The tobacco crop in Wisconsin has matured finely. Drouth in the Clarksville, Tenn., tobacco district, and also in the Green River district in Kentucky, has damaged the tobacco crop considerably. It is about three weeks late.

Barney Wagner, a Hamilton county, Iowa, farmer with his wife and four children, was some time induced to sign what he understood to be the sale of a hog cure, but which was really a note for \$100. Brooding over this trouble Wagner went crazy, and was taken to the insane asylum.

Corn loses one-fifth by drying and wheat one-fourteenth. From this the estimate is made for the fall. The table for farmers to sell unshelled corn in the fall at 75 cents at \$1 a bushel in the following summer, and the wheat at \$1.25 in December is equal to \$1.50 in the succeeding June. In the case of potatoes—taking those that rot and are otherwise lost together with the shrinkage, there is but little doubt that between October and June the loss to the owner who holds them is not less than 33 per cent.

H. B. Carter, whose home is in Elkara, Iowa, has a farm of nearly 3,000 acres in Lyon county Iowa, 2,000 acres of which are under cultivation. This year's crops embrace 35 acres of flax, 60 acres of rye, 140 acres of barley, 300 acres of corn, 250 acres of oats, and 1,400 acres of wheat.

The rice crop of Louisiana this year was one of the largest and best ever grown there. It is believed that the Egyptian cotton crop will be 2,500,000 pounds less than that of 1878, and about 15 days late.

Col. Little, of Davenport, estimates the amount of butter now made in creameries in Iowa is 50,000,000 pounds per annum.

A Californian claims that in seven years trial, exposed to all possible vicissitudes, and subjected to early and late planting on all kinds of land, the Anaheim orange has never been known to rust. It stands hot dry spells and north winds before which other varieties are sure to fall, besides which it has been known to produce forty bushels to the acre on strong alkali soil that had failed to raise any other crop and would not sprout corn. Nothing was said about the marketable quality of the wheat, but if it has standard value in addition to all these qualities it looks as if it could be introduced into Oregon, and especially to the dry alkaline lands of the Mountains, to good advantage.

The United States Consul at Florence in his unpublished report to the State Department, gives a method of preserving buds for grafting, so that they are good for over a year. They are placed in tin tubes filled with honey, and then hermetically sealed. For short time and distances water is used instead of honey.

From a letter Paris journal we learn that the French Forestry Department have arrived at the conclusion that forests greatly increase the water supply wherever found. From close observations made it is found that rain falls much oftener and in greater quantity in wooded tracts, and that, while the leaves and branches give back the water quickly to the air, they prevent rapid evaporation from the ground, and are thus favorable to the formation of springs.

CULTURE OF THE GRAPE.
In a recent number of the New York Tribune, D. E. Loveridge, of Delaware county, N. Y., discourses in this wise on the culture of the grape:

The vine loves clay loam with stones mingled in the soil. Plant on the dryest and sunniest spot you have. They delight in sunny hill-sides, facing west and south, and abhor hill-tops. As regards house lots, don't plant your vines close to the buildings. The vine likes free air as well as hot sun. Set out one-year layers or one-year roots grown from cuttings eight or ten inches long, good vigorous roots. Make the soil mellow eighteen or twenty inches deep, and set out with great care. Labor spent in setting out pays a large interest. Cast a shovelful of fine manure around each root. Do not over-mature them; make naked roots, and they lack constitution. Cultivate the ground in which your vines are set as much as your garden or corn field. Suppose your vines set out and grown a year; then comes that important matter of pruning. Leave your vines unpruned, and you will have sour or insipid grapes. Prune not, and all your toil is vain, just as it is with the vines of human life.

Bear this rule well in mind and never depart from it: For the first four years your one object is to make root. The vine is of account only as it indicates strength of root. Every pound of grapes you allow to grow the first four years, will cost you ten or even a hundred pounds in after bearing. Say your roots have grown in their place one year; in March or early April cut off all shoots save one, and leave two buds on that. When these buds are grown five or six inches, break or cut off one. Leave only one cane to grow. The second spring, if on that leave five or seven buds, and when well started, break off all but three shoots. The third spring, if the shoots have grown well, cut one close to the ground, and then clean off the buds on the other two nine to twelve inches up; then leave six to eight buds on each cane, and cut off all wood above. Now, you thus form a head for

all future pruning. Keep that head ever after. After three years, from the head thus formed, grow your grapes. No matter how old the vine, you never ought to have more than three feet of old wood on any vine.

After pruning, as I have said, for the first three or four years, ever after cut off all wood except three or four canes of the last year's growth, and leave these not more than three feet long. Remember that all the fruit you grow on a vine the first four years will take larger interest out of the life principle of the vine than any Shylcock would dare to do. The time to prune is, I think, from February to April 15. It will do any time from December 1. The proper canes to leave are not the rampant ones, but the firm, bright, close-jointed. If you want a grape arbor, grow it for an arbor, and that alone; but do not ask good fruit of it. Good fruit comes only from severe pruning. Men tell of gathering three or four bushels each from old vines allowed to run their own wild way. Well! These men are of the teeth and constitutions hard enough to endure them. When the fruit begins to turn people have been known to strip off the leaves to let the sun in on the clusters. It would be just as sensible to tear away the flesh between the ribs to let more air into the lungs. Leaves are the lungs of the vine, the power by which sweetness is gathered into the fruit. The thickest and brightest foliage pledge the best fruit.

As to varieties, the Concord is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. It takes kindly to almost any soil; it is very hardy; the fruit is not the best, but fair. By all means reckon the Concord high in your favor. In that well known and perhaps best grape region—that at Hammond's port around Keuka Lake—Delaware and Catawba are the most profitable. They are chief among many; but the Catawba is no good in this section, and I very much mistrust the Delaware. I have never seen it doing well in this locality. The Isabella is too late; Diana likewise. As vine owners have tried in this region, the Brighton has shown good manners. It is a fair grape, very early, hardy, and a very good bearer. Try the Hartford Profite. The Agawam is coming up in favor. I might mention many, very many, but I am persuaded that we have larger experience before us than can speak with authority. Our region has not as yet been much opened up to knowledge. My judgment is, plant Concord and Brighton, and experiment with some others.

Gems.
An American is a mixture of all three, with three grains of Dutch lethargy, five grains of French politeness, two of Italian ferocity, and four of negro good nature. —Village Wd.

A man of gladness seldom falls into sadness. —Proverb.

Professor Ramsey says of volcanoes: "As far as my knowledge extends, at no period of geological history is there any sign of their having played more important parts than they do in the epoch in which we live."

He must be a thorough fool who can learn nothing from his own folly. We can learn great things from our mistakes. That which is true in the end is true in the beginning, and then does nothing more; yet would his work earn richer merit. When brought before the King of kings, we do him great credit in little things. —Do that, and then does nothing more.

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Fashion.

WHAT SHALL THE BABY WEAR?

Mingled with the pleasure of preparing the little stranger's outfit, there is apt to be perplexing uncertainty as to its requirements, and to proceed advantageously without having overcome this difficulty is impossible. A common mistake is to provide more than is needed, and very often the strength and energies of the mother are severely overtaxed by the amount of useless work undertaken. A moderate supply of comfortably shaped and neatly, but not over-elaborately made clothing, is much more conducive to the comfort, health and happiness of both mother and child than a useless amount of finery, which is burdensome to care for and equally burdensome for the little one to wear.

An infant's first wardrobe is intended to contain all that is necessary for it in the way of wearing apparel until it is old enough to be put into more clothes, and while it is by no means advisable to limit the quantity to the smallest number of pieces possible, still it is well to remember that the more the child has of this sort of clothing is made, and that a supply of short clothes will soon be necessitated by the growth of the baby.

In enumerating the list of articles included in such a wardrobe, we will take into consideration all the necessary articles, as well as the little accessories which are valued chiefly for their ornamental effect.

Beginning with the underwear, we will first consider the number of petticoats and their material. Three or four flannel petticoats, with waistbands of muslin; and three of them may have a broad hem at the bottom finished with one or more rows of machine, feather or chain stitching; or one may be finished in this way, and two others may be cut in scoops and button-holed along the edges, or may have simple design embroidered upon the edges. The fourth, which is to be the "best," may be embroidered with silk or linen in any handsome design, which may be transferred from paper or stamped upon the material.

A quality of flannel containing a slight admixture of cotton is advisable for all but the best petticoat, as it is not liable to become yellow from frequent laundering. However, if it is convenient to provide the best quality of flannel for all the articles to be made of this texture, it is generally done, and the only difference in the making up consists in the finish.

The pinning blankets should be the same in number as the petticoats. They are usually finished with a simple hem, the petticoats, but still to correspond with them.

Four little flannel or knit shirts, the same number of fine linen or cambric shirts and four flannel bands are also necessary components of such a wardrobe. Flannel shirts are more advisable than knit ones, as they do not shrink so badly, and the only finish they require is a row of feather or button-hole stitching along the edges. The bands are turned in for hems and feather-stitched.

Three dozen napkins, of which one dozen may be made of linen considerably narrower than that used for the remainder, will be sufficient, though another dozen is sometimes added to this number. Bird's-eye linen is the proper material for them.

Night gowns, slips and dresses are next in order, and of these three classes of robes, the new arrival, for the first few weeks of its life, stands most in need of the first named.

Fine muslin or cambric is usually selected for night gowns, and a narrow lace or embroidered edging about the neck and wrists is usually the only decoration added. For the first three or four weeks of baby's life these little garments are generally worn during the day as well as at night, and they are much more comfortable for the tender little bundle of humanity than a more elaborate robe would be. Four of them are generally sufficient, but an extra one is often desirable.

Next come the pretty little slips which constitute the day-dress, except on rare occasions, until the mother's ambition to see her darling in lace clothes is gratified; Cambric, nainsook, thin, fine pique and cross-barred muslin are the materials most in vogue for slips, and Italian, Breton and fine Smyrna lace, Hamburg and Swiss embroidery and fine cotton edgings are used to trim them. The style and arrangement of the decorations are, of course, more elaborate than on the night-dresses; but if a word of caution in regard to this matter be accepted, it will be found valuable afterward. It is by no means wise to trim any garment very elaborately that is to be subject to constant laundering, for, unless the trimming is very stout, it will soon wear out. As the process of ironing is rendered much more laborious by profuse trimming, this is another reason why an over-abundance of decoration is not desirable, unless a lady has the means to have it done by a skillful laundress, who can take plenty of time.

When this number of pretty slips has been prepared, one elaborate robe to serve as a best christening dress is often considered enough, and for all actual needs it really is sufficient, though two or three are sometimes provided. Such dresses may be of muslin or the finest nainsook, and their trimming should be of fine lace, which may be applied as lavishly as the fancy desires. With such dresses, and also with the slips, it is desirable to have thin cambric skirts to wear over the flannel, as the latter, being of a different shade from the robe, is apt to detract from the snowy whiteness of the overgarment if visible through it. Such skirts are a little longer than the flannel petticoats, and are trimmed with tucks, lace and embroidery. Three of them are considered sufficient, though, by having four, it is easier to always have a clean one.

A half-dozen bibs made of pique, fleece-lined Marseilles or thin goods, with an interlining, are prime necessities of a baby's wardrobe. They may be shaped by various patterns, and every two finished differently, so as to make as much variety as possible. They will be found very useful in keeping

the clothing clean and dry about the neck.

Socks are necessary in the winter time. They may be knit or crocheted from worsted or silk. The latter is very warm, and if it becomes necessary for baby to take a journey in cold weather, socks of this material will be a judicious selection. Three pairs of socks will be sufficient for all ordinary purposes.

The number of undergarments, slips, dresses, etc., which we have mentioned, will be found sufficient to provide a baby with the necessary changes, without making very frequent laundries necessary; but if circumstances render a reduction necessary, the following list may be adopted: Three petticoats, omitting the "best" one; two pinning blankets; three skirts, one of each kind; three flannel bands; three night dresses; three slips, one of which may be fine enough to answer for the best dress; three dozen napkins, one-half made from cotton that has been used until softer than new goods, and the remaining eighteen from narrow-width linen; four bibs and two pairs of socks. Even this quantity will not be worn out before it is time for short clothes.

With either list a circular or sack wrapper of print, Canton flannel, pique, flannel or silk, will be found useful. It is very handy, and the little one will wear it when sudden changes of temperature occur.

A flannel square is likewise considered available as an extra wrap. It should be about three-fourths of a yard square, and may be embroidered with silk or flax or bound with lustrous. The style of street wrap preferred for infants is a circular cape, with a short cape falling over it. This is usually made of white or delicately-tinted cashmere, and trimmed with silk cord, fine silk or satin folds or pipings or broad facings. For winter wear it has an interlining of wadding, but for warm weather only a lining of silk or flannel is required.

A little lace cap or crocheted hood, in accordance with the season, together with the garments previously described, comprises all that is needed for the baby to wear.

Stage Echoes.

Blanche Roosevelt starts out with a troupe of her own, and the Ideals will do "The Pirates of Penzance."

John T. Raymond says his London engagement netted him a loss of \$785. Englishmen didn't take kindly to *Colonel Sellers*.

Robson and Crane are capturing duets at Detroit.

Max Strakosch will have Marie Rosa as prima donna.

Mapleton promises Gensler and Campanelli this season.

Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels have made a success in London.

"All the Rage" has made a great hit at McVicker's, Chicago.

Pauline Markham, having got a divorce, says she is happy again.

"Hazel Kirke" is running up toward its 300th night at Steele Mackaye's Madison Square Theatre.

Lawrence Barrett will open the new English Opera House, Indianapolis, appearing in "Bachelors."

Sol Smith Russell is making a pronounced hit in "Edgewood Folks" at the Park, New York.

"Prince Methusalem" is the comic opera success at San Francisco.

Willie Edoulin's "Sparks" is commended by the New York papers.

Mary Anderson began her season at Oswego, N. Y., on the 18th, in "Love."

Barney Macaulay is playing "A Messenger from Jarvis Section" at Cincinnati.

"Around the World in Eighty Days," reconstructed by the Kralifys, takes well at Niblo's.

Henry Irving has carried "The Merchant of Venice" to a 280-night run at the London Lyceum.

Ben Magnien has made a hit in "Deacon Cranek," at the Holiday Street Theatre, Baltimore.

John McCulloch, Lawrence Barrett and Thomas W. Keene will play against each other at Chicago the first week in October.

Mad. Camilla Uro has returned to New York from her Australian tour. She is reported to be engaged for a visit to Cuba and Mexico.

Maria Van Zandt goes this month to Copenhagen to sing in "Mignon" at the Royal Opera House in that city, returning to Paris by the 1st of October.

David Bidwell has purchased the old St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans, and is refitting it. He will run both that and the Academy of Music the coming season.

Live for Something.

Many men have no higher aspirations than the brute—they eat, drink, work, sleep and do nothing more. These who live such lives do not consider themselves as candidates for another state of being hereafter. We admit that man must work; his family must be provided for—but it is all of life to live? Thousands of men breathe, live and move, and passing off the stage of existence are never thought of again. Why? None were blessed by them as the means of their prosperity and happiness in this life. Not a line they wrote nor a word they spoke could be recalled which had a tendency to better the spiritual and temporal condition of the human family; and so they perished; their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than insects of yesterday.

Why then live and die? Oh! man immortal. God created you to do good. Your Divine Master went about doing good, and he calls upon all to follow in his footsteps. Do good continually, and leave behind you as an everlasting monument, a life well spent; and the inscriptions of that monument the storms of time will never destroy. Perform acts of kindness—relieve the poor, aid the outcast, assist the orphan, and bid up broken hearts. Jesus will say, "Inasmuch as ye have done to one of the least of my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

In this way you will never be forgotten, and your name and deeds will be a household word. "Faith without works are dead being alone." The names of Howard, Miss Nightingale and Mrs. Fry, will never be forgotten; very many will arise and call them blessed. Make the intellectual and moral world better by your living in it.

"Do good," comes from every broken heart, from every penniless widow, and from every hungry child. Lift them up, by your prayers to that God who says, "The effectual and fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much," to a higher and better life in that world where you will be rewarded by meeting many whom you were the means of reforming and making the happy occupants of a world without an end.

Straightening the Accounts.

MR. SPOONENDYKE CANNOT MAKE 'EM COME RIGHT.

"Now, my dear," said Mr. Spoonendyke, "if you'll bring me the pen and ink I'll look over accounts and straighten 'em for you. I think your idea of keeping an account of daily expenses is a very good one. It's business-like, and I want to encourage you in it."

"Here's the ink," said Mrs. Spoonendyke, growing radiant at the compliment. "I had the pen day before yesterday. Let me think, and she dove into her work-table and then glanced nervously under the bureau.

"Well, do you suppose I'm going to split my finger and write with that?" demanded Mr. Spoonendyke. "Where's the pen? I want the pen."

"I put it somewhere," said Mrs. Spoonendyke. "Ah! here, I have it. Now, you see," she continued, "I put what money I spend down here. This is your account here, and this is the joint account. You know—"

"What's this?" asked Mr. Spoonendyke. "That's your account; this—"

"No, no; I mean that marine sketch in the second line."

"That's O. H., that's a 7."

"S'pose I ever spent seven dollars with a tail like that to it? If you're going to make figures, why don't you make figures? What's a way to make a picture of a prize fight in a column of accounts? For what is this elephant about here?"

"I think that's a 2," replied Mrs. Spoonendyke, dubiously. "Maybet's a 4. I can tell by adding it up." "What are you going to add up?" demanded Mr. Spoonendyke. "I've counted in this corner lot and that rose bush and this pair of suspenders? D'ye add them in?"

"That's a 6 and that's a 5 and the last is 8. They come out all right, and during the last month you have spent more than I and the joint account together."

"Haven't, either. When did I spend this broken-down gunboat?"

"That ain't a boat. It's \$42 for your suit."

"Well, this tramp flitting off a rock, when did I spend him?"

"It ain't a tramp. It's \$50 cash you took, and I don't know what you spent it for. Look at my account now—"

"What's that man pulling a gig for?" "It's nothing of the sort. That ain't a gig; it's \$1 for a wig. You see I've only spent twenty-two dollars in a month, and you've spent a hundred and eighty-four."

"You can tell me by this what I've done," growled Mr. Spoonendyke. "What's this rat trap doing in the joint account?"

"That's 14 cents for fruit when you were sick."

"And this mousy-looking old hen; what has she got to do with it?"

"That's no hen; that's a 2. I meant two dollars for having your chair mended."

"What have you charged me with this old graveyard for?"

"That's 15 cents for sleeve elastics. The 15 ain't plain, but that's what it is."

"Two twos four and eight, twelve and four sixteen and carry the two to the next and there is four. Here, this is wrong. You've got an eighteen for a twenty here."

"Eh?" jerked out Mrs. Spoonendyke. "This is \$304, not 184. I knew you couldn't keep accounts. You can't even add up."

"That makes your account even bigger," replied Mrs. Spoonendyke. "I didn't think it was so much."

Slam went the book across the room, followed by the pen, and the ink would have gone too, but Mrs. Spoonendyke cautiously placed it out of harm's way.

"Dod ghost it!" howled Mr. Spoonendyke, as he tore off his clothes and prepared for bed. "You ain't fit to have a pen and ink. Next time I want accounts kept I'll keep 'em chained up in the yard, and don't you go near 'em; you hear me?"

"Yes, dear," sighed Mrs. Spoonendyke, as she slipped the obnoxious book into the drawer.

Japanese Wax.

Most every person who has seen a pistol or revolver cartridge has noticed that the round metallic end was covered with a greasy coating resembling in many ways mutton tallow and no doubt has considered it to be that animal product. It is, however, nothing of the kind, being simply the product of a vegetable growth and known to the trade as Japanese wax.

The Japanese wax tree from which this comes is a tree of great beauty and usefulness. It is a species of sumac, and grows 25 feet high. The fruit is a cluster of 11 feet. Most of the candles used by the Japanese are made from the wax of the berry borne by this tree.

These berries are gathered by the natives with a great deal of care and crushed and pressed. Another way of obtaining the wax is by maceration in hot water, skimming the wax from the surface. The wax is yellowish white, softer than beeswax, melts at 127 degrees Fahrenheit, and commands a good price. Besides its use for candles, it is of value in the arts and in many minor industries. The berries are white in color, grow in clusters, and are about as large as a pea. The tree itself is of rapid growth and easy cultivation.

Japanese wax is also used extensively as a substitute for tallow, the latter costing several times as much as the former. It is used as a coating for machinery when it is to be shipped as it forms a greasy coating impervious to the action of air and moisture. In appearance, smelling and feeling, it closely resembles mutton tallow.

An effort is soon to be made to introduce its culture into California.

He Laughed, Too.

The chief of police lately had a visit from an old farmer living out on the Center Line road, who had a story to tell. After two or three efforts he began:

"I was goin' home last night ven I overfakes two men on road. Dese fellows dey laft and saidt would I gif 'em a ride. I laft, too, and say, shump in."

"Yes, I understand."

"Pooty queek von fellow laft and saidt he likes Dutchmans 'cause his uncle vas a Dutchman. Dot vas all right, and so I laft, too. I vas real tickled, and I shakes all ofer."

"Yes."

"In a leedle villen, von fellow vant to shange a seven toller van, so as he could gif some money to der orphan asylums, and he lafts ha—ha! Dot was der older feller he grabe me by der collar and pulls me down behind say dey looks in my pockets for a steamboat dot was stolen from Detroit. Dot makes us all laugh like some goot shoke."

"It must have been funny."

"It vas. Dese fellows took out my wallet and counted out der money. I hadt shut ten toller, and der laft and saidt dey must dot on some trips der seashore mit dot. Dot tektle me some more, and I laft, too."

"Well, den dey shumped out, and put der fingers on der noses, and say: 'Goot-py, old Dutchmans, and avay dey goes like some horse races.'"

"And you didn't laugh at that?"

"Vell, not pooty much. I vas already to, but stoppt. If dem fellows vas up to shokes it vas all right, but if dey vas robbes I vant you to catch 'em and gif 'em some pieces of my mind like dunders! I don't like somebody to laff at me ven dey don't feel tickled all ofer."

A GEORGIA hawk recently made a bold attack upon a lady. She was sitting in a room adjoining the hall in her house in Vineville, when she heard a heavy thud, and the noise of falling glass outside the door. Rushing into the hall she found her little child there, and perched upon an object near, at hand a gigantic hawk. Upon the appearance of the lady the bird made a swoop for her, and while she was using all endeavor to protect the child by covering its head, fastened its talons in the lady's hair. After a serious struggle she succeeded in beating the bird off when it retreated to a picture, upon which it perched. The lady ran to her room and called upon the servants to close the hall door. This was done, and the hawk would have been a captive if he had not darted into a bedroom, sidled to the window and escaped. He was so large that when he entered the door his wings struck the doorway on each side.

It is most comforting to reflect, says the *Bombay Gazette*, that sturdy old Gen. Phayre is pushing up to the front. These Alghans who suppose he can only sing psalms will learn their mistake. He is a thorough soldier, and Ayob Khan would do well not to presume on his piety. These God-fearing soldiers, who buckle on the sword of the Lord and of Gideon, show a very rough front to an enemy. They are inspired with a kind of prophetic Hebrew wrath; they imprecate and they smite the foe. They say, "In the name of the Lord will I destroy them."

Carrageen.

The fact is not generally known that within three hours' ride of Boston a large and profitable business has been carried on since 1848 along the seashore, which is nothing more or less than "farming under the sea." Every where upon the coasts of eastern New England may be found, ten feet below the water mark, the lichen known as carrageen—the "Irish Moss" of commerce. It may be torn from the sunken rocks anywhere, and yet, the little seaport of Seaside is almost the only place in the country where it is gathered and cured. This village is the great centre of the moss business in the country, and the entire Union draws its supplies from these beaches. Long racks are used in tilling this marine farm, and it does not take long to fill the many dories that await the lichen, torn from its salty rock bed. The husbands and fathers gather the moss from the sea, and the wives and daughters prepare it for the market. Soak it in water and it will melt away to a jelly. Boil it in milk and a delicious white and creamy blance may be the result. The annual product is from ten to fifteen thousand barrels, and it brings \$50,000 for the town, which sum is shared by one hundred and fifty families. Its consumption in the manufacture of larger beer is very large, and the entire beer interest of the country draws its supplies from Seaside beaches, as the importation from Ireland has almost ceased. It is not generally known that the moss, as an article of food, is called "sea moss farina."

The Human Figure.

The proportions of the human figure are six times the length of the feet. Whether the form is slender or plump, the rule holds good; any deviations from it is a departure from the highest beauty in proportion. The Greeks made all their statues according to this rule. The face, from the highest point of the forehead, where the hair begins, to the chin is one-tenth of the whole statue. The hand, from the wrist to the middle of the finger, is the same. From the top of the chest to the highest point of the forehead is a seventh. If the face, from the roots of the hair to the chin, be divided into three equal parts, the first division determines the places where the eyebrows meet, and the second the place of the nostrils. The height from the top of the head to the level of the nose, to the top of the head, is the distance from the extremity of